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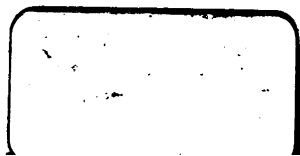
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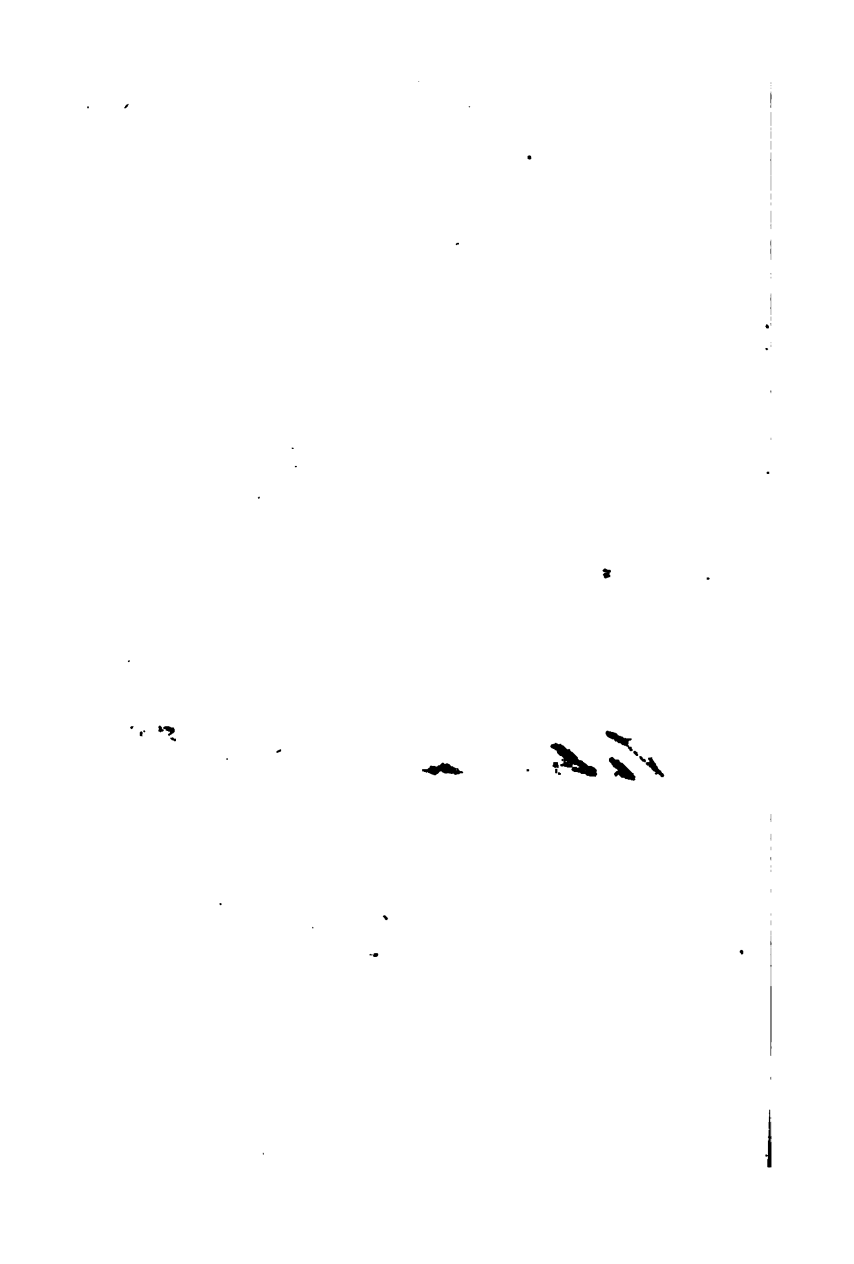


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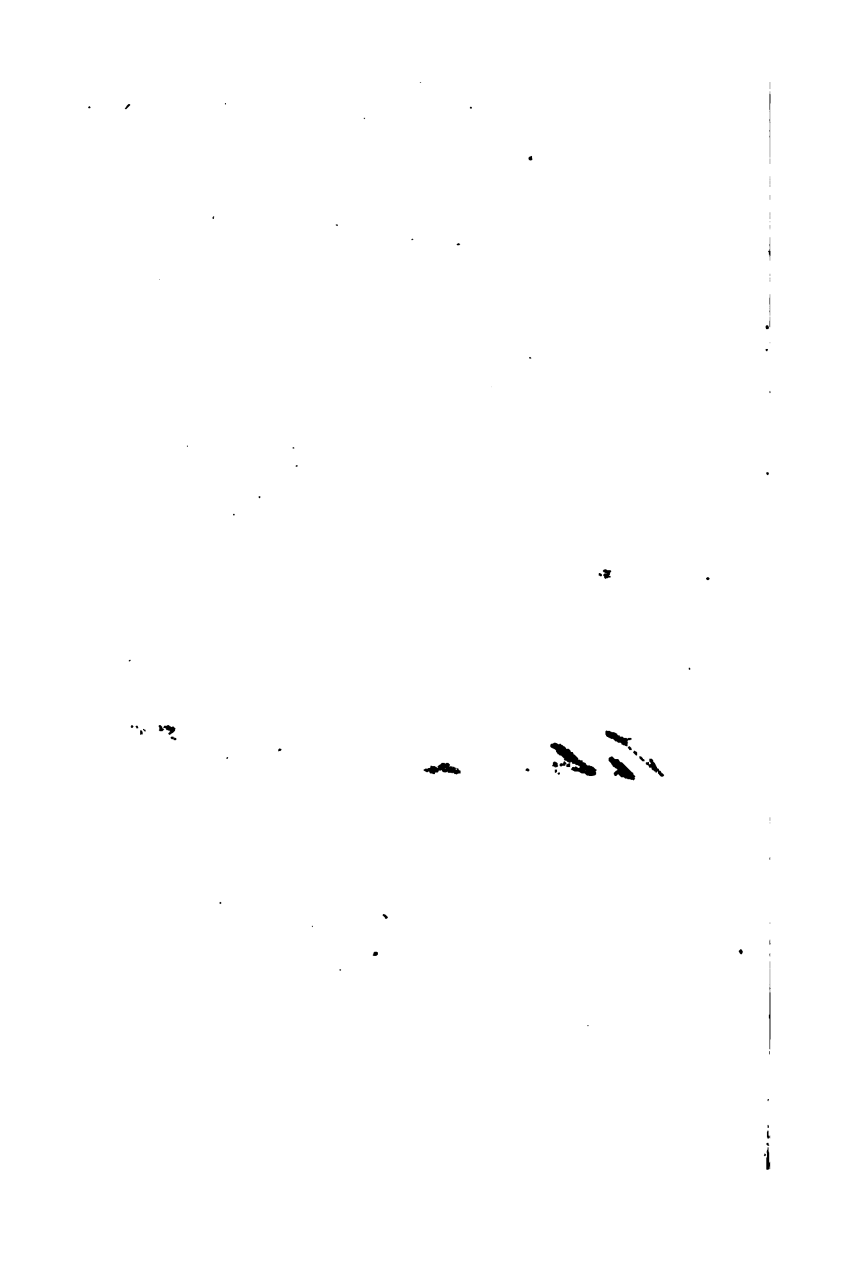
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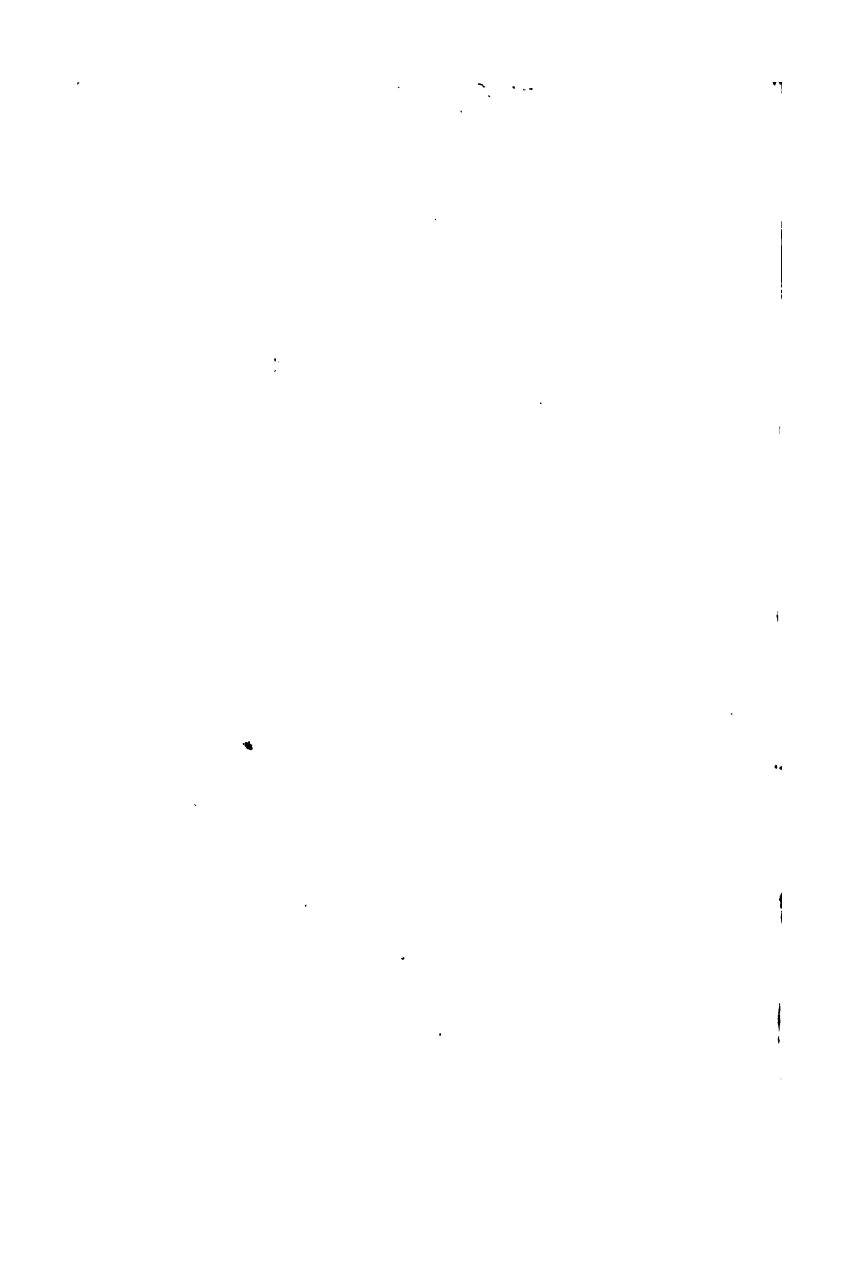
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POEMS.



POEMS.

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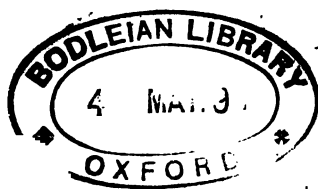
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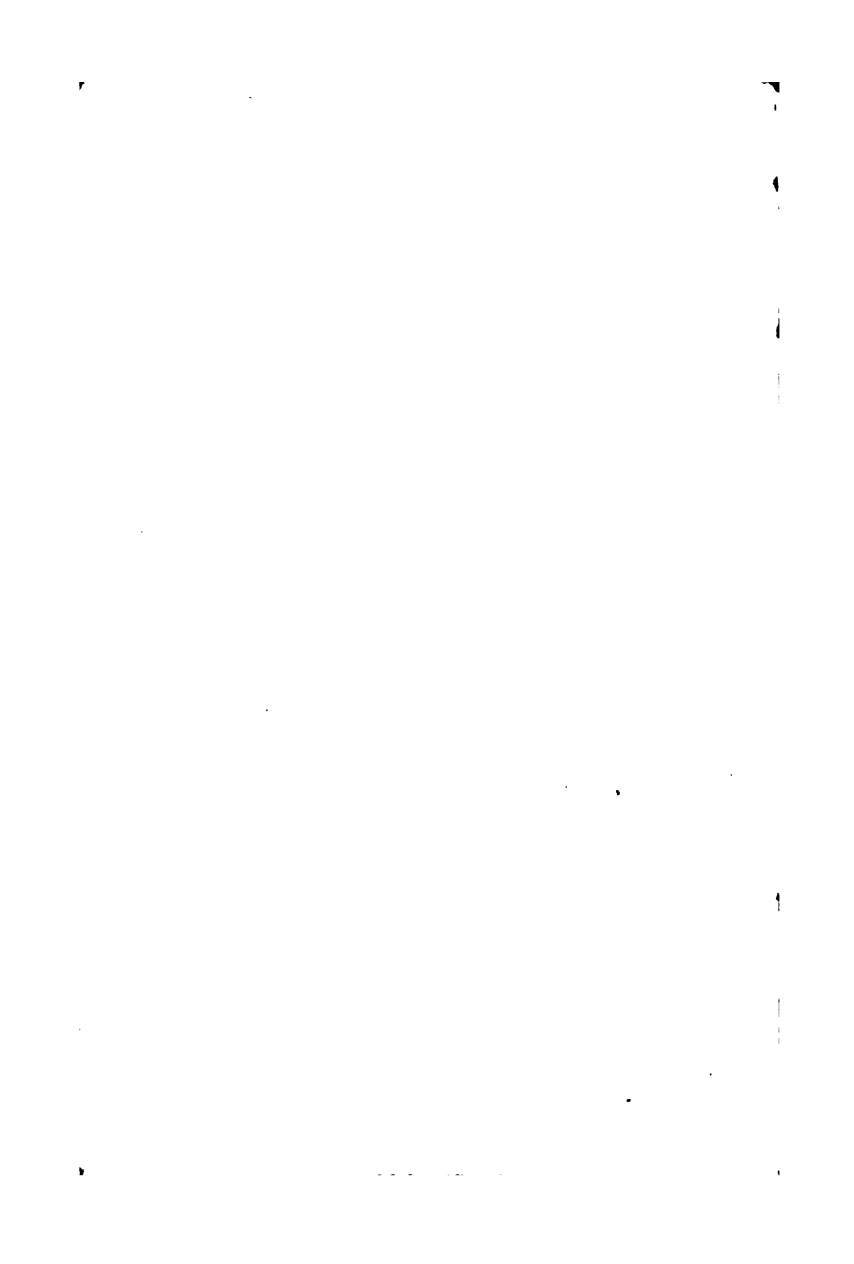
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TO
JAMES MONTGOMERY
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
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VERY GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.



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ERRATUM:

Page 74, line 7—for *vale* read *wave*.

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF
POETRY.

2

“Oh! Spirit, which art pure,
Mighty and holy, and of God art sprung;
Which teachest to aspire and to endure,
As ne’er taught human tongue.”

MARY HOWITT.

Soul of “impassioned truth!”
Spirit, I turn to thee as one of them
That dare essay, with the brave faith of youth,
To touch thy garment’s hem!
Spirit, whom I had met,
When first my mother led me to thy throne;
The field and woodland, when thy voice as yet,
Though heard, was all unknown.

B

Thou, whom of later time
All recognised, I heard my soul within,
And o'er the mead, and on the hills sublime,
And 'mid the billow's din—
I mourn not—though replete
In song thou mouldedst some beneath thy sway—
I cannot to the world thy lore repeat
In language such as they ;

For thou hast buoy'd mine heart
To strong endeav' rings—not, I trust, all vain—
I pray thee, if or grief, or joy my part,
Come thou to me again !
Come when the world shall call
Me forth, and, fearless of men's praise or blame,
E'en with thy strengthenings, oh ! disenthral
My soul of selfish aim.

Come when Oppression stands,
Hand-clenched above earth's weak ones ; aid
me then
To move, e'en as the billow moves the sands,
The hard stern hearts of men !

Come to me when my thought
Flows as a swollen tide—when forests nod
'Neath Autumn's wail—with sombre shadows
fraught,
Turn thou its course to God !

Come in all time and place ;
For wheresoe'er thou art, Truth rife must be ;
Even in sorrow art thou working grace—
Joy is increased by thee !
Come, then, unto my soul,
When it is fill'd with beauty, to prepare
My spirits love for a more perfect whole—
Mould thou my thoughts to prayer !

THE CHANGING YEARS.

A REVERIE OF NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

DIGHT in the crystal robe of thought, I stood
Where the vast Present spann'd Time's silent
flood ;

And an old, wan, pale, spirit by my side,
Ever lamenting, smote his forehead sear,
Crying aloud, above the fleeting tide,
 "I am the passing—I am the passing Year!"
And Death, the husbandman, wrought in the
 meadow,
 Peopled with harvest grain, beside that flood,
So near, that in its tide his ghastly shadow
 Showed where he stood !
Yet, o'er his scythe's loud clangour, I could hear,
 "I am the passing—I am the passing Year!"
The wind's a-cold, and the worn moon looks
 stranded
 In icebergs of piled cloud—I would that I
In the lorn realms of the long past was landed,"
 Murmured he ever, with a monody
Of many sadnesses. The while I saw,
 Up from the future land, a spirit come,
And very nigh unto his presence draw,
 As he would seek the self-same phantom
 home,—
 "Thy breath is chill, eld churl," he carroll'd,
 vaunting ;

And a blithe sprite, call'd Hope, that with
him came,
A fabled list of joys to come kept chaunting,—
High pursuivant seemed he of power and
fame!
“Greet me not mockingly, though I am fleeting,”
Answered the Old Year; “there has been
much good
Done in my reign, though still the world is
cheating
Truth of her own, with sanctimonious mood;
But men of earth are getting better, wiser;
Truth, holy maiden, they have treated ill;
Yet it will come when they shall not despise her,
But mould their doings to the beauty of
her will!”
And, as he spake, he turned where stood that
spirit,
Clad in a robe all torn and stained—once
white;
Her eye—its light a planet might inherit—
Was full of tears, that gave nor marred in
light.

“I see that chaunting spirit by thy side,
I half remember she was once by mine;
When I began to pass Time's fleeting tide,
I missed her not, 'till seen again by thine.
I see young germ within the ice-gems shining,
Of the bright crown thou bearest on thy
brow.
I am the passing Year!—nor speak repining;
I pray thee, who art thou?”
A silvery gush, like morning's, gleamed tran-
scendent
O'er the youth's forehead, as he answered
clear,
“I am that spirit, with young Hope attendant,
Men call 'the good New Year!’”
Hope has a scroll which I must part unravel;
It augers of much good, she telleth me;
Ideal to become real, as I travel,
O'er Time's unfathom'd sea!
She tells me, earnest hearts on earth are striving
To teach their human brethren how strong
A sense of glory, and of bliss, is living

In her they have abused and spurned so long!
The greening germ, my primal crown revealeth,
Are buddings of a yet unfolded Spring,
To burgeon into beauty ere Time stealeth
Their being back for future years to bring;
I hear the echoed tone, I see the glisten,
Where'er thy footfall steps of joy disclose,
And would each coming age should see and
listen

To light and tone, in mine, as pure as those!
Thus may each year with earnest spirit urging
To excel the past, in all things, from its
youth,
By zeal progressive, be of drossness purging,
In Time's broad tide, the sainted garb of
Truth!"

While yet he spake, the Old Year fading
past-wise,
Grew giant-like, as trees in Autumn mist,
With a dilated robe of golden memories,
By a half-hazed, yet solemn, glory kissed.
And, as he passed, I heard brave Hope loud
singing

Promise of ease, to Truth, of half her woe ;
While from Earth's towers,—that lost in gloom
were swinging
High 'mong the stars,—the madd'ning bells
were ringing.

“They call me,” said the good New Year.—

“I go !”

And, as he spake, the sightless belfry clock
Thrill'd with a voice as though the scythe
of Death

Had swept to earth the year's last harvest
shock,

And rung, vibrate with triumph, as the
breath

Of the Old Year ceas'd ;—back its echo called
From the dim shadow-land of Fancy's birth,
My wand'ring thought, and, while it disen-
thrall'd,

Told me “the good New Year” had come
unto the earth !

A WALK IN THE NIGHT.

I SCARCE can see the pathway,
 'Tis so dim ; and the light
Of the far-off town but dazzles
 The searchings of my sight.

I can hear the sighing burthen
 Of the north wind's passing wing ;
But Nature, quiet, listeneth
 For the first faint voice of Spring.

No foot-falls through the chill air
 On my seeking ears alight,
And the stars alone companion
 My pathway home to-night.

So I list, as to a singing,
 For the thoughts which they convey,
To my soul a radiance bringing
 As the noon of open day :

For they language, as they "brighten
Before the Eternal Eye,"
Of the All for aye unsleeping
In his love and majesty.

I think of the mighty poets
Who, in strains time never mars,
Discoursed with a truthful earnest
Of those flowers of night—the stars !

Yon solemn planet reminds me
Of him, as it climbs the steep,
With whom I ask—"For whom shine ye
When all men are asleep?"

To the soul their answer cometh, [know
Thought-languaged—"That thou may'st
The Infinite's love for ever
Is turned to the world below."

Then I dream with him who called them
"The poetry of heaven"—
With the lofty thoughts through ages
To mind their light has given :

With those who, forsaking slumbers,
I wander the world of dreams,
Who gave, in musical numbers,
Re-preachings of their beams :

I see, in mail, star-rivettèd,
Orion climbing his way,
As he goes, sword-sheathèd, still "circling,"
In "eternal youth," for aye.

And I would, oh, mighty warrior !
That, like thine, were mine the time
To live 'till the world were living
In the light of peace sublime !

But the town's light steals upon me,
And it dims my thinkings bright ;
They pale and fade, as your beauty,
From mine eye, in the streets' red light.

But ye messengers supernal,
Within, through you, I find
I have walked in the light eternal—
The eternal light of mind !

THE TRANSFIGURATION :

A THOUGHT OF RAPHAEL SANZIO D'URBINO.

"His death took place on Good Friday, April 6, 1520.
Great was the grief of all classes; unspeakable that
of his friends and scholars. The body was laid on a
bed of state, and above it suspended the last work of
that divine hand,—the glorious Transfiguration."

MRS. JAMESON.

I HEED not what the world may say, in striving
to disown
That human greatness will be gauged by might
of mind alone;
Although far distant be the age in which man-
kind such theme
May hold as based on more of truth and less
on poet's dream!
'Tis when the Spring's all-bursting time is
come unto the earth
To thoughts like this the poet's brain, far-
seeing, giveth birth;

His spirit leapeth from its thrall, casts off its
earthy shroud,
With the mounting of the skylark, the break-
ing of the cloud.
I had a thought, long haunting me, in Autumn's
golden prime ;
In strength renewed, it comes again in earth's
rejoicing-time !
It speaks of one who gain'd in life a high and
glowing name,
And built a memory o'er his death mankind
have called a fame !

The canvass on the easel stands, as yet but .
vacant space,
And not one line or lineament the outward eye
can trace,
Yet, living in the painter's brain, as thought-
fully he stands
In the Autumn sunlight, inwardly, a sacred
dream expands ;
And to the sky of Italy night's shadows come
and go,

And morning's light hath scarcely dawn'd, yet
on the canvass glow
A few faint tints; and to the task each hour
of light he gives,
And, in the place of nought, behold his mind's
conceivment lives!
Yes, from his hand the glowing thoughts are
passing, line by line,
That with their beauty gain'd the name of
"Raphael the divine!"
For him to whom the limner's art in such ex-
panse was given—
That man might deem his gifted mind had
gain'd a ray from Heaven.

The Spring is come! The sunbeams come,
and through the casement steal—
Oh! that the ray of hope-fraught Spring such
ruin should reveal!
With the light of life fast fading, 'tis Raphael
lies beneath
The scorching pang of fever, and the waiting
hand of death;

And yet there is a holy calmness throned upon
his brow—

Think ye not, while his spirit waits beside that
canvass now,

The yet imperfect lives revealed—as first in
mind it shone—

Ere the tears of Rome proclaimed that her
Raphael was gone?—

Where the yellow waves of Tiber through
mighty ruins pass,

They are coming—coming through the
streets—a sad and silent mass :

They gaze upon his hand—his brow—from
whence the light hath fled,

They marvel at the “Christ Transfigured,”
raised above the dead ;

Suspended, though unfinished, o’er the holy
painter’s bier

It hangs, a mind-wrought trophy of his soaring
spirit here,—

His hand hath, wrestling, won from death,
when in the field of life,—

With passionate soul-longings, and spirit,
yearnings rife.

Oh ! what to this the warrior's deeds to which
alone is given

The fame which from destruction springs—it
has no light from Heaven !

The gauntlet, helm, and standard rent, above
his tomb hung high,

But speak of glory truth disowns, and time
will soon deny ;

But fame, through mental triumphs, long
the truthful world shall hold,

By power of thought bequeathed, that gives to
future time the mould.

The progress of each age will prove of earthly
rank this sense,

While spiritual beings seek ideal excellence :

Then think ye not exalted thought, diffused
through future mind,

Will long perpetuate the fame of Raphael
with mankind ?

And trust ye not such earnest souls, when
past the bond of breath,
Wake from a glorious death-in-life unto a life-
in-death!

AN OLD TRUE THEME.

It is an old, yet golden dream,
That looking back to days gone by;
The world may mock it as a theme
By poets harped continually.

And yet the world itself broods o'er
The theme oft times, yet, scorning, hears
It echoed in the poet's lore,
And falsely masks its heart with sneers.

Yes! 'tis an old and common theme—
Great truths are common.—Why deny
This love of retrospective dream—
The bridegroom lov'd of Memory?

She, widow'd, sits in hearts that Time
Of truth has rifled, and she turns
Where, o'er Youth's heedless travell'd clime,
Thought's planetary beauty burns ;

Thus led, she wanders uncontroll'd
Those regions blest : a word, a strain
Of music, to her hopes unfold
The portals of those ways again ;

Though seeking—in the earnest love
Deceits of Time those hopes endow—
Youth's perfect joys, they float above,
And, dream-wise, mock existence now :

Still Memory seeks ; but Hope will find,
Nor through the past of life despond.
Oft rises, when we look behind,
Desire to know beyond !

THE PASSING :

A MASQUE OF AUTUMN-TIME.

PIPE !—red-lip'd Autumn—pipe !—
Summer, she is dead, sweet maid ;
Bear her through the listening glade,
 Strew the way with berries ripe—
Nectarine and peach, rose-stained :
 They at least may serve to show,
By the mirrored blush retained,
 How her cheek was wont to glow.
I will come and weep beside her,
 As chief mourner o'er her fate,
With a veil of gold leaves hide her,
 As she lies in state !—
I have wooed her in the meadow,
 When she was a sweet young thing,
Ere she in the rain-cloud's shadow
 Parted from the Spring :
Later, I have sported, blither,
 With her in her sunnier hours ;

She it was who led me whither
Spring those fays, the flowers!—
Bring, then, round her hallowed bier
Incense, from the dead leaves dry,
While the silent woods stand near
In solemn pageantry :
And the phantom mists shall weave
Cerements of the silver fold,
Ere the red-streaked sky at eve,
To the stars, turns cold.—
Hark!—the breezes are beginning!
Strew the leaves—and lightly tread—
Canticles in honour singing
Of the beauteous dead!
Weeping daylight, weed-like, wears
Rays of yellow sunbeam now,—
Fruit-zoned Plenty, plume-like, bears
Corn-sheaves on his brow :
Sing, sad winds, in every place,
Vintage-hill and orchard-dell,
Where her smile was wont to grace
Haunts she loved so well!—

Strew the way with berries ripe :—
Summer she is dead, sweet maid ;
O'er her, through the listening glade,
Pipe !—red-lip'd Autumn—pipe !

SONNET.

ON VISITING "THE MOUNT" AT
SHEFFIELD.

THE sombre autumn-time was o'er the land,
The spring of life, renewed, was on my heart,
And all that happy memories impart,
As light on blossom, bade sweet thought expand.
As with a tremulous glow, half awe, I pass'd
The portall'd way that led unto that home—
The poet's sanctuary—my shrine become,
From the heart's grateful praise for glory cast—
From the full ark of song—sojourning there—
On Life's way-side from childhood upon me ;
A thought that, link'd with home-scenes, dear
must be—

Which all his kindness then makes still more
dear !

Remembrance of that hour becomes a chime,
Voiced, in the joy of thought, to glad the step
of Time !

A SUMMER COLLOQUY.

So wandering, we talked :—" Poets must be
All love—have you e'er been in love?"—
said he;—

Ever have been in love?—

Ah ! that have I ;

I have been, am, and shall be till I die ;—
The time when I and her I love first met,
Is past so long ago that I forget.
When but a child I lov'd her ; she would bid
Me track the lark with expanse-wearied lid,
Would tell of beauty to me, in all things,
From clouds and stars unto the em'rald wings

Of the fay's champion, dragon-fly ;—and when
I grew in years, and knew the woes of men,
She taught, and teaches still, my heart to know
The joy of doing good, of healing woe ;
Thus, not alone in wilds my soul she greets,
But 'mid the throngs of men, the crowds of
streets.

All seasons are alike to her—she seeks
The steps of Spring when first the river breaks
In light from crystal bondage ; and again,
When song-hail'd Summer's sunny looks un-
chain

The buds, and many a flower to beauty brings,
She wanders forth with me, and of their glory
sings ;

And not the less in Autumn's solemn time
She speaks of beauty with a tongue sublime ;
With golden tissue binds the forests' tire,
And wakes in wailing winds the music of the lyre,
Or when the stars watch o'er the Winter nights,
And pale and glow, as pulse, the northern lights,
She tells of scenes where we were wont to roam,

And trims the lamp of love beside the hearth
of home !—

She has a friend, whose name is Liberty,
Who walks for ever pointing to the sky ;
And one—to whom, through all this life, in sooth !
The world has played the knave—her name is
Truth ;

She says, for these the world's contempt to bear
Man should unfold his strength, in purpose dare,
His zeal should brighter burn the colder cross'd,
As woman in affliction, stars in frost.—

But oh ! still mightier ends are hers, I feel,
When unto me her earnest tones reveal
The hymning of her spirit, as she stands
Turning the leaves of song in Nature's hands,
Telling, through every germ that bursts the sod,
The glory of the earth, and its Creator—God !
And so I love her with such ecstasy
That she has been my bride, and dwelt with me !
You wait her name, with an expectant eye ;
She is an heaven-born maid—men call her
POETRY !—

His laughing shout throughout the woodlands
rang
At name of her whose excellence I sang.

THE CHILD AMONG THE GRAVES.

A CHILD among the graves
Played ever through the summer-day's increase,
Till to his heart the plot of ground Death craves
Became a Court of Peace.*

All day, with busied fret,
The toiler bee clomb round the blossoms there,
On high, from some tall bloomy minaret,
Calling the child to prayer :
The prayer of joy—of joy
Through innocence—rejoicing thankfulness,
Unlanguaged—to a child without alloy—
Redundant in excess !

* "Court of Peace"—the literal translation of the German
Fried-hof—a cemetery, or place of burial.

One of the world pass'd by,
One of the world in all the power of life,
With all the hopes ambition can descry,
The glory and the strife.
He marvell'd much to find
A child, a little child, in spirit glad,
Mirth-voiced the grass could knot, the daisy bind,
In place to him so sad.

He pass'd—in manhood's might—
To join the crowd where man Time's working
braves ;
Sometimes recurred—a wonder, yet a light :—
The child among the graves.
Time changed him as he trod,
Bleach'd his dark hair to whiteness,—ever on
The years swept by,—he sought the churchyard
The little child was gone. [sod,

The long-grass, as of yore,
Waved to the trees about the silent rests ;
And the lithe swallows dipt with swimming soar
Athwart their tower-held nests.

He did not marvel, now,
The child in happiness had sought such spot,—
With guileless heart and time-unscathed brow—
Its sadness knowing not.

The child away had gone,
To pass the ordeal that his heart had pass'd :
To know of hope, joy, grief, as he had known,
To know the truth at last.

For he, through faith sublime,
Which sorrow and grief-teaching only brings,
Had learnt a triumph in the tread of Time,
A music in his wings !

So stood he—from the fret
And storm of life—sail-reefed amid the waves—
Full-power'd in soul-fraught manliness,—and
yet,
A child among the graves !

**"BENEFICENCE LEADING YOUTH
AND AGE TO THE TOMB."**

Written to a picture of CANOVA's group.

MIGHTY the poet-sculptor's art,
That, with ideal mind
Of beauty, takes the sage's part,
To preach to human-kind.
In forms illum'd with truthful light
The human eye to win,—
Thus speaking through the gift of sight,
Unto the heart within.
Here Age that on his staff must lean,
Youth in his flowery band,
Are led by *her* of gentle mien
Into "the Spirit Land;"
For Death hath garnered them.—And why
Should man such lot repine,
Or fear the cloud-like mystery
That veils the land divine?

For what is life—that gives to us
Earth's love so mix'd with leaven—
Did we not know the shadowing thus
Hides but the gates of Heaven?
Why should the spirit cling to earth,
Whose frailness *all* bespeaks?
For not one hope it gives to birth
Attains the joy it seeks.
God raise our hearts—our thoughts so bless,
That every household band
May take in willing gentleness
That love-extended hand!—
Oh! then the soul will heed not whence
This life resigns its breath,—
For THOU hast given Beneficence
As handmaid unto Death!

BRADGATE PARK.

BEAUTY is born of suffering ; rainbow-like,
'Tis sprung of tear-drops ; and in future time,
When hang along the past's horizon's edge
Oppression's white-lip'd rack of thunder-cloud,
Zones Truth's high heaven, a bow of glory still :
Therefore, my spirit finds a solemn joy
In wandering forth amid the ruined fanes,
Which, though oft raised with hand directed by
That Lucifer to man, ambition, bear
Some memory of love, or truth, or light ;—
Fit time for such when browning lichens cling
Unto the crumbling stone, and Autumn's hand
Spreads a gold web along the silent earth ;
To such a place, such season was the time,
William, his child, and I went wandering forth :
The boy—his brow was like a morn in spring,
Whose only cloud was but the very thought
Momentary, that hideth fuller joy
To come—unwitting he of life's imperfectness,
In all found pleasure ; how he dared the deer,

Clomb the fern-plum'd ascent, and, shouting,
chased

The startled leveret, pleasant thought have I.
The brow when gained, over the scene afar
Gazed we ; 'mid smoke and mist, ghost-like
the spires,

And roofs of towns, and hamlets, rose ; our feet
Girt by a sea of old "copt oaks," among
Whose gnarl'd and antler'd tops the ruins lay
Of Bradgate ; ling'ring there, we sat and talked
Of the old spirit speaking to this age
In the "copt oaks"—how man, not satisfied
With present vengefulness, finds, sating full
In the vain hopes of handing down to time,
Through nature maim'd, the workings of his hate:
These thoughts beget but others, and I see
At the bay-window of old Bradgate stand,
Plato in hand, with Master Ascham by,
Fair Lady Jane ; and while the mellow clang
Of the horn, muffled by the 'bowering boughs,
Swells floatingly from the green upland slope,
Mingled with distant shouts—to his surprise
That she, the absent, can find aught of joy
In lore—she answereth : "I wisse their sport

Is but a shade to that I find in this: [meant;"]
Good folk, they ne'er knew what true pleasure
And then I dream of how vain men, by aims
All selfish led, like the Egyptian queen,
Crush'd this pure pearl to make their cup more
sweet;—

With converse then, of lofty thoughts and hopes,
Held we our way, where the sedged river runs
Along the vale, oft list'ning to the whirr
Of the last Summer gnats, or watching, still,
The silver tenants pass from brink to brink
Of the clear tide, that croon'd so wearily;
The owl's sad whoop, and the low fitful wail
Of the departing swallow, mingled sad
With falling, or wind-stirred, or trampled leaves.
So through the deepened shadow of the woods
We gained a tower, the village home of graves
Amidst; the moon was up, as yet frame-like
As a white tear upon a shaded cheek
Waiting a beam of light to give it form;
And the gate clicked behind. The memory
Of the boy's shout, as homeward-bent we turned,
Breaketh this Autumn thought.

THE LARK ABOVE THE CITY.

[LONDON.]

SUGGESTED BY FACT.

MORNING's light is just awaking,
And the heirs of toil are taking
 Their path the streets along !
Is thy mission one of pity,
Skylark, high above the city,
On thy dewy pinion, shaking
 Downward a shower of song ?

Wilt thou gain a single hearer ?
Will thy song a moment, nearer,
 Upraise one single heart,
From the crowds that onward press—
Worth, and mirth, and wretchedness—
Unto a perception clearer
 Of life's all-destined part ?

May be there *are* those that list thee
Pine for breezes that have kiss'd thee,
 Upon thy sunward flight ;

And thy song, construed by them, shall
Be, that "toil is not eternal ;"
If thou cam'st not, they'd have missed thee,
As something fraught with light.

Come each morn, thy song repeating !—
Hark ! I hear thy voice retreating
From man's vast home again,—
If with lore thou art o'erflowing,
As are all of God's bestowing—
He whose smallest earthly greeting,
I hold as nothing vain !

SNOWDON.

"the awful king
Of Cambria's mountain realm."—
JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

I love the pleasant hauntings round my home,
• The stream-girt meadow and the gentle hill,
There Nature's hand first beckon'd me to come
And list her song by woodland-side and rill.
And oft these scenes my mental vision fill

With dreams of beauty that I cannot speak ;
Wanting a strain to suit my spirits' will,
Language of written words is all too weak,
To tell those hidden thoughts that at their
founts must break.

But oft I longed to know the mount and flood,
The haunts where Nature finds a wild retreat—
And where she reigneth in a sterner mood
Than where lone streams dance on with mur-
murs sweet ;
And with a pilgrims love my bosom beat
As Snowdon's side my upward footsteps press'd,
And forth my spirit flew each scene to greet ;
But, swallow-like, its flight with none could
rest ;
With none that glowed beneath the cloud-hung
" eagle's nest." *

Soon on my mountain path in grandeur broke
Thy vale, Llanberris ! where the twin-lakes flow :

* The " eagle's nest " is the name given to the summit of Snowdon.

Oh! for one strain thine harp of yore hath woke,
To tell that wild sublimity; below
My feet the clouds sailed in the sunlight's glow
In many a shade along the vale to break,
Or twine their mantles round some lofty brow;
Where hill o'er hill, far as the eye could seek,
Rose like a silent sea—each wave a mountain
peak!

Onward I trod, all stillness round me; save
The distant torrent, which, as poet's song,
Breaks into music ere its rushing wave
Forms the broad stream, to flow the earth along;
While o'er my path swept down the dark cloud's
throng,

As a huge curtain shrouding all beneath;
High rose old Snowdon's crown the gloom among,
Dim, shadowy, dark, entwined as with a wreath
Of moving clouds, that flew as from a spirit's
breath!

And, with the sighing wind and fleeting mist
Eddying around me, on that brow I stood,
By first and last of blessed sunlight kissed,

And where the storm unbroken pours its flood,
Oh, for the deep, the silent, thoughts of good,
That from my soul winged forth their path on
high !

My spirit knelt ; for, in congenial mood,
The soul must worship Nature's temples nigh :—
The mountain for its shrine—its dome the arch-
ing sky !

I turned away, and ever and anon
Broke through the sailing clouds bright scenes
to me
Of valleys, where the summer-sunlight shone,—
Of streams and hills—beyond—the dancing sea ;
And still descending, as a mantle free
Uprose the mist, and all below me lay
Tranquil ; above the dark clouds seemed to be
Wrought by the wind, in many a sportive way,
Breaking their phantom forms like ocean's
storm-kissed spray.

And when within the vale I paused to take
A parting look, the sunset's ruddy glow

Lit with its beams Llanberris' silver lake,
And hung its halo round old Snowdon's brow,
And still in thought that moment cometh now,
When ling'ring on the vale's dew-moisten'd sod,
I watch'd the shadowy clouds descending slow
To rest till morn upon the mountain's clod,
Then wing again their flight 'neath the blue sky
of GOD!

THE BRIDEGROOM OF SPRING.

WHO'LL be the lord of the young green Spring?

"I," shouted the breeze as he danced along,—

"And incense sweet to her shrine I'll bring,

All fresh from the flowers, with my bridal
song!"

"I," sung the river that wander'd o'er

Its white-pebbled bed, in the old trees' shade,—

"I will pipe her a song by the shore,

In a quiet nook by the sedges made."

"I," cried the mountain,—“my brow is kiss'd
With light by her smile, as she floats along ;
I'll bring a veil of the silver mist ;
My torrents shall ring with a bridal song !”

"I," sighed the forest,—“I'll temples rear,
Where her light may rest, and the birds may
sing ;”
“I,” cried the cloud,—“see!—the lark is here !
Oh! I'd be the lord of the young green Spring!”

Far o'er these rose the sound of a chime
Which, teeming with thoughts of passionate
truth,
Told of a song till the death of Time,
A home in a heart, and an endless youth !

The breeze went mad, and the river cold,
The mountain snow-cap'd, and the forest sear,
The cloud fell in rain, but the Poet bold
Had Spring in his heart through the live-long
year.

Time and Change from his spirit never
Could banish the glory her light did bring :
She found in his heart a home for ever,—
THE POET was lord of the young green
Spring !

SHAKSPERE-LAND.

"I KNOW a bank where the wild thyme blows,"
By the broad river, bending o'er whose brim
The blossoms woo their shadows, as it flows
Through the flat mead-lands with a solemn
hymn.

And there the heaven-turned willow branches
weave

A gauze-hung temple by the stream ; all o'er
The grassy slope young Spring is wont to leave
Prints of her footsteps bloom-ray'd on its floor,
Of "ox-lips," "nodding violets," by "woodbine"
"O'er-canopied ;" there Fancy oft will see,

"Lulled in these flowers," the Poet's form
recline,

Or wandering in thought and "fancy-free."

There have I heard the distance-mellowed chime
Peal on the summer breeze down Avon's wave,
From the old fane, the beacon-star sublime
Of world-wide pilgrims to the Poet's grave.

Oh ! that is Shakspeare-land—for, think ye not
His feet have wandered from his homestead
there ?

The very hope gives glory to the spot,
Each form imbuing with a hue more fair.

But not alone is this haunt Shakspeare-land ;
Yet from this bank song's halo ne'er departs ;
Its home is on each shore, each wave-kiss'd
strand—

Still, its abiding-place is in our hearts.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

A MAY-THOUGHT OF KEATS.

HARK! yes, it is the nightingale! her song
Hymns fleeting spring; hails summer come
once more!

It mindeth me of grassy nooks among
Bloom-scented knolls, and moonlit woodlands
hoar.

To me it tells
Of the cool river, that along its shore
In silver music swells.

Again! again! O, nightingale, thy breast
Must pulse with thought most exquisitely sad!
It cannot be: I hear thy voice increas'd
With joyousness, mellifluously glad
It comes again,
A luscious quaff my thirsting soul hath had
Of tuneful, sounding, rain.

Lo! as I listen, I have thoughts of Keats,
And the world's martyrs, and thou seem'st
a part
Of the realms spiritual; thy breathing greets
My mind's ear with an echo—till I start,
Dreaming 'twas rung
Upon a thorn,* like that which pierced *his*
heart,
Ere his last lay was sung!

Sing on, O, prophet bird! for such art thou,
Though kin to earth, thy voice is with the sky.
The lark bears up his song to morning's brow—
More poet-like art thou, when eve is nigh,
Singing unseen,
Where scarce a moonbeam or a star can pry
Into thy leafy screen.

* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the old superstition, that the nightingale, whilst singing, presses her breast upon a thorn.

'Tis from thy changeful utterance I learn
Earth's joys are but ideal; for they leave
No full contentedness. I scarce can turn
Mine ear away; for now thy throbbings
weave

A strain I deem,
If Nature sleeps beneath the still of eve,
The song-tide of her dream!

HOPE AND FAITH.

HOPE stood upon a sun-lit hill,
A rainbow girt, called Faith,
"To find its basement strive I will,"
Descending down he saith,
So down went he to seek its birth
The bow that rose so high—
And found it had no hold on earth,
Yet still it spann'd the sky.

He gain'd no evidence, this light,
Through things without, to win,
But, with more spiritual sight,
Could track its source within.
Proof found he oft of holiest love
In flower, and wood, and wave,—
The basis of the bow above
But once :—beyond the grave !

FIRESIDE THINKINGS.

'Tis pleasant in the dull December,
When the frost is on the pane,
By the picture-giving ember
Memory's pinion to unchain,
And, in pondering mood, remember
Summer scenes and thoughts again.

Now the winter wind is sorest
In the late leaf-mantled forest,
'Tis sweet in thought again to tread

Where the broad boughs overhead
Broke the sunbeam on its way—
Where the dew in clusters lay,
And among the feathered ling
At noon the deer were gathering,
Green and bowery shade to share,
With the bubbling streams that danced and
trembled there.

When at summer noontide lying,
Where song-laden breeze was sighing
Many a strain of harmony
In the lofty shadowy tree,
In whose branch-supported dome,
As if waiting eve to come,
Hung a twilight calm and holy,
By green leaves created solely,
Hidden from the sunny ray
While broad fields and floods bathed in bright
splendour lay.

Hallowed places, high thoughts bringing,
Haunted by the poet's singing—

For such strains will ever linger
Triumphant o'er Time's rude finger :—
Stones may perish, dwellings crumble,
Vain Ambition's thoughts to humble ;
But the poet's meditations
Live with Nature's re-creations :
Thus to future minds is taught
How from Heav'n through such the strain of
truth is wrought.

Summer moon o'er Alpine cloud
Piercing through a leafy shroud,
In lone glen or grassy dingle,
Where the fern and harebells mingle,—
Or on sedgy wing-broke lake,
Or by meadow-girting brake,
Sunset streaming through the wood—
Or in light upon the flood ;
Waking deep and silent thinkings
That enchain the mind with wild yet solemn
linkings.

Pleasant summer, ever yet,
Half exultant, half regret,
Turn I in my thoughts to when,
From "the busy haunts of men,"
Forth I wandered ; and my spirit,
With the earth-love I inherit,
In its wakenings resembleth
Echo, of the bell, which trembleth
Long time since the note was rung—
Or as shakes a bough from whence a bird hath
sprung.

Pleasant 'tis in dull December,
When the frost is on the pane,
By the picture-giving ember
Memory's pinion to unchain,
And in dream-like mood remember
Summer scenes and thoughts again ;
Thus with retrospection pleasant
Bringing summer past into the leafless
present.

HELËNA,

IN an old monastic building,
Girdled so with elmen trees,
That the beams its chambers gilding,
Moved with shade to every breeze,
And could never pour full glory
Through its halls or cloisters lone,—
Filled of eld with many a story,—
Fair Helëna dwelt alone.
Round about the rooks kept sailing,
All day, o'er the avenue,
While the owl cried, to the wailing
Of the wind, the whole night through.

Rich in wealth her sire had left her,
But he bore no lineal fame,
And a restless spirit cleft her
With a want for place and name;
So her heart lay, like a fountain
Of good deeds all dimm'd by this,
As a tarn, within a mountain,

That the sunbeams cannot kiss.
And she haunted,—ever sighing,—
Chamber lone or terrace stair,
When morn came,—or day was dying,—
Or moon-shadow wandered there.

'For her hand came suitors, many,
But,—alas! for rank of mind,—
She retain'd her heart, for any
Brainless brow with gold entwin'd!—
Oh! the light of life, that rifled,
In her bosom, died,—the light
Of affection quench'd,—love stifled,
Bud-like,—hollow pride the blight!—
So she, lingering, passed,—no traces
Left she;—o'er the threshold floor
Young feet run to meet glad faces,
And *a home* the woodland graces,
Where the lady sighed of yore.

TIME'S TRANSMUTATION.

OH! Hildred Vane, whene'er you cast
Your glances o'er the old play-ground,
Are there no voices of the past
That 'waken from their trance profound?

Do they ne'er speak of one who sat
Beside you at the daily toil,
The knowledge-seeking task begat,
The searching erudition's soil?

Of one who often helped you o'er
The heavy ruts of learning's way,
And, for such lawlessness, oft bore
The wrath of pedagogic sway:

The one whom now you pass close by,
As all forgetting what I tell:—
Oh! when did memory with you die,—
Did lucre ring the passing bell?

Oh! you were very dull indeed,
So not much credit to my brain
Is due—all that it must secede—
My heart alone must have the gain.

So, from myself, I cannot hide—
While with your change in life I'm struck—
The adage old is verified,
For you have had the best of luck!

But, if this ease these stores of pelf,
But close the ear to memory's voice,
I would not, to be Dives himself,
Give up—but hold my lot by choice:

Nor have my heart thus basely changed,
In Time's deep crucible with gold;
By alchymistic art estranged
From love of what past hours unfold:

Thus satisfied, I strive to spurn
All discontent, and never blame
The will of fate, but, vaunting, turn
And to the grey-beard carle exclaim:—

Oh, Time, thou "caste" of many parts,
Thou mountebank, thou mime,—
Transmuter thou of human hearts,—
Thou conjurer, Time !

SUMMER TIME IS COMING ON !

SUMMER-TIME is coming on !—

Passing Spring, grown somewhat kinder,
Wheresoe'er her smile has shone,
She has left bright hues behind her ;
Footprints of the blossom golden,
To the warm sun all unfolden ;
At morn I heard the thrush and ousel,
O'er the brawling brooks carousal ;
Saw the gold-zon'd bee, loud booming
Round an avalanche of blooming
Snowy flowers, Spring's breath had cast
On the hawthorn, as she passed ;
From the far-unseen there fell,
Free, the exultant skylarks swell ;

And I saw the dancing beam,
On the mill-wheel's singing stream,
And the cuckoo's spirit-voice
Came, and made my heart rejoice !
Every sight and sound was beauty,
And each one seemed doing duty,
In *that* Church which God hath given,
Here on earth to guide to Heaven ;
And I heard the corn-creak pass
Through the sea-like-waving grass,
He I heard a-field last night,
Creaking 'neath the full moon's light,
When the nightingale was filling
All the starry space, with thrilling
Music of extatic song,—
It can scarce to earth belong—
Coming when the world is sleeping,
And the midnight is at prime,
And the dews the flowers are steeping !—
Sings he not of Summer-time
That's coming—coming on ?

When the now green spears of corn
Fall unto the sickle's ring,
And the lark at early morn
Beats the sunbeams with his wing :
I shall haunt the sunny meadow !—
I shall lie beneath the shadow !—
Where the "chith'ring" grasshop' springeth,
And the bee the wild bell ringeth,
When the swallow's wings unfold
O'er the sunset seas of gold,
Where 'mid cloud-built mountains lies
Imagination's paradise.—
Toiler !—leave thy compass'd dwelling !—
Through each form, the earth is telling
How her joys belong to thee,—
How erect thy mind should be !
All is God's own writing there !—
Thou wilt find perpetual prayer
Rise from insect, leaf, and bird,
Prayer that more is felt than heard,—
It will buoy thy hopeful spirit

Thirsting for that better clime,
Where thy freed soul shall inherit
An eternal Summer-time,
That's coming—coming on !

THE LADY MAUDE.

BEAUTIFUL look'd Maude de Vallace ;
For the light of truth and love
In her heart had found a palace,
As 'mid grooms and vassals stalking
Rode she to the heron-hawking,
On her palfrey, light as ether
Caracolling underneath her,
And her falcon on her glove.

From the glassy meer, rush-bounded,
As awoke the heron's shriek,
And the plash of waters sounded,
And the shout woke from each minion,
And the falcon flapped its pinion—

With its strong beak beat her finger,
As disdaining there to linger,
Came the rose-tinge to her cheek.

Graceful was the heron's sailing,
As she rose from rush and reed ;
Loud and piercing was her wailing
As she left her sedgy dwelling—
Louder were her last notes' swelling
As the battling falcon tore her
White wing, and likelightning bore her
Dead and bleeding to the mead.

Merrily the troop returned
To the abbey-gate again :
On their path not one was spurned ;
Pity's aid fell from the maiden
As the dew from lily laden
On the weed, its high stem belting,
When the stars in light are melting—
Or like spring's reviving rain.

,

,

Drearly the blind man mutter'd
Poverty's lamenting lay
Lorn the tale the widow utter'd ;
And the lonely orphan's telling
Curb'd the mirth her young heart swelling,
So her pity, past expressing,
Calm'd her joy ; and with a blessing
All that asked her turned away.

Beautiful look'd Lady Wallace,
Though her forehead bore no gem ;
For her heart's love in its palace
With good deeds adorned her mostly—
As she sat at banquet costly
Gave each thought a vision brighter :
Charity herself had dight her
With a priceless diadem !

When the stars their light were lending,
And the vesper-time was come,
And the flowers in sleep were bending,
On her chamber faldstool kneeling,

Moonlight through the casement stealing,
While the nightingale's wild quiver
Sounded o'er the murm'ring river,
And the bee had long gone home—

Beautiful look'd Maude de Wallace—
Oh! more beautiful than e'er!
Truth had found a lovely palace.
Surely, from a heart possessing
Sympathies that earned a blessing
From the naked and the pining—
Souls that want was undermining—
Surely God would hear the prayer!

THE FAIRY'S LAMENT.

WHEN the first star came sailing with its light
Of solemn beauty, o'er that golden sea
Parting the land of day and night, I stood
By the brook side, among the flowers and leaves.

Fancy-held, I heard a voice of the mind
That the gross sense of hearing reaches not :—
Oh ! weary, weary, world o' the upper earth ;
And yet the moon shines pleasant through
the dew ;
Oh ! dreary, dreary, world o' the upper earth ;
Earth is unchanged, the world of mind is
new :—
For I can hear the fleeting corn-creak pass ;
And the lorn nightingales impassioned
strain ;
And the low breath of summer sigh i' the grass
Or winnow with a song the ripe gold grain :
But o'er the meadow-way there comes no tread
Of wand'ring footsteps, for our haunts to
seek—
Imagination's gone, and Faith's half dead—
Or thought but mad, if bold enough to
speak :
There was a time when 'mong the sons of men
A gentle fancy-fraught belief had sway,
And oft they sought us in the starlit glen,

Or cross'd on hand and knee the brambled
way,

To peep at us—but now they deem us fled,

Or that we never were,—and lay to chance
Acts that to us were once attributed,

And the green ring round which at night
we dance,

Philosophy would solve.—Oh! hard cold
world!—

Steam-chariots roll in thunder through
our haunts,

And all the lore of Fairy-land is hurl'd

Unto tradition old, with idle vaunts

Of sense improved.—But oh! I will not spend

Sweet night in lamentation, all is hush'd,

But to the glow-worm sing, for light they
lend;—

A shadow dims the leaves!—the grass is
crush'd—

Better to hear this strain, I, bending, moved
The voice-concealing leaves, but it had fled,—

And the moon hung above the leafy haunt
Imagination filled with fabled song.

SONNET.

TO A LADY

WEARING A WREATH OF ROSE-BEETLE WINGS.

DEATH haunts thy garland, lady; high he peers
Above its iris beauty; yet, 'tis hung
With summer thoughts:—of cradling rose, with
tears
Of dew impearled, when through the cop-
pice rung
The star-nymph nightingale's lone song; or
when
The jetty merle, Pan of the woodlands he,
Piped his gold reed, while in the quiet glen
The stream alone danced to his minstrelsy—
For noon glowed on those green mail wings;
and that,

And other memories of such haunts, still take
A portion from their beauty—and of what

The “myriad-minded man of Avon” spake
Think I—fancying in each bright wing lies
Even “a pang as great as when a giant dies!”

STILL WAS THE WILD HARP.

I PAUSED in the valley, the bright sun was
fleeting

Away, in the far distant sky to his rest—
The white mists of eve on the mountains were
meeting,

And the wild fowl was seeking her rush-
cradled nest,
O'er the clear sister-lakes, by the dark moun-
tains shaded,

Scarce a sound or an echo was borne on the
gale—
To the grave of his fathers the minstrel has
faded—

And still was the wild harp in Llanberris
vale.

Tower of Dolbadarn,* all lonely thou rearest
Thy form, like the arms of a chieftain of yore—
Though rusted by time, and all broken, thou
bearest

The memory of those that shall battle no
more.—

Children of valour! ye sleep in the mountains,
But your deeds will yet live in the wan-
derer's tale—

Though still is the strain that once gushed
like your fountains,

Oh! still is the wild harp in Llanberris vale.

The maids with the kine to the stream their
path wending,

O'er the roar of the torrent with happy
hearts list

To the shout of the shepherd-lad peacefully
tending

* A ruined castle in the valley of Llanberris, N. W.

His flock on the mountain-top, shrouded in
mist.
This alone breaks the calm which of old was
invaded
By throbblings of strife on the breath of the
gale:
To the grave of his fathers the minstrel hath
faded,
And still is the wild harp in Llanberris vale.

Go, nightingale, the May hath flown !
I care not when thy flight may be,
When one is near whose gentle tone
Is all "perpetual song" to me.
I list not to thy strains, not I,
If 'neath the stars I linger long.
Whene'er that voice to me is nigh,
The music of whose tone is song.

Go, star-met sun, and leave awhile
The earth to twilight and the night;
I miss thee not, when one sweet smile
Is near me, with its heart-born light,
From eyes where oft thy golden ray
In light-united beams have met.
Go, sun—I would not have thee stay :
Love lights those eyes when thou hast set.

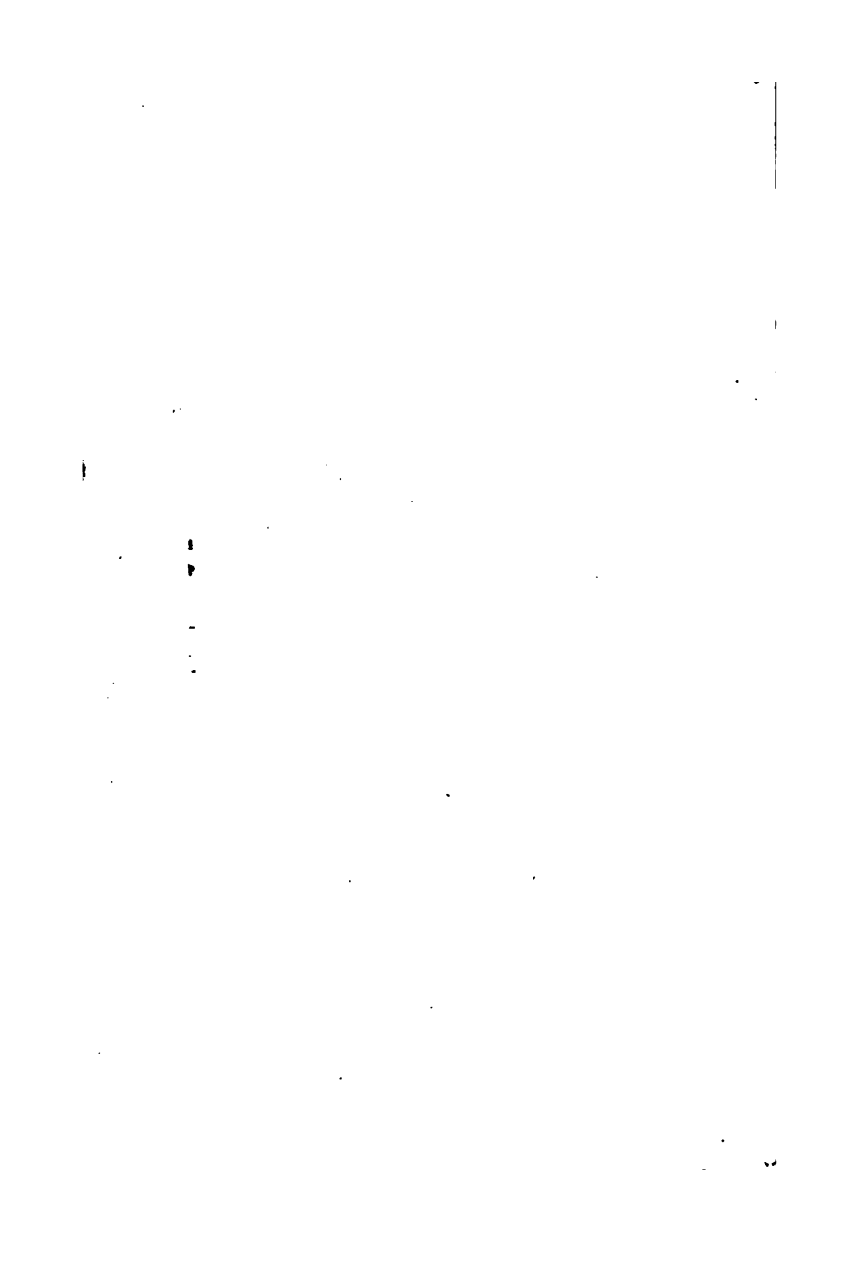
SONGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHER- HOOD.

"Do you fear that the patriot will be lost in the cosmopolite? Never fear. We shall not love our own household less, because we love others more. In the beautiful words of Frederika Bremer: 'The human heart is like Heaven; the more angels, the more room.'"

Maria Child's Letters from New York.

"I would the old God of war himself were dead,
Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills,
Rotting on some wild shore with ribs of wreck,
Or like an old-world mammoth bulk'd in ice,
Not to be molten out."

Alfred Tennyson's Princess.



LOVE THOU THE LAND.

Love thou the land which thou callest thy home,
With a love so enduring it cannot depart—
With affection so centred its light cannot roam
In radiate beams from the warmth of thy
heart?

'Tis well that the spirit should linger in love
To the home of its birth—but that spirit
should be,

Like the rays of the sun in its glory above,
Withheld by no mountain, enchained by
no sea.

Love thou the land which thou callest thy home,
Where thy birth-dwelling stands, though all
humble it be;

But, oh! let thy love as an olive-dove roam,
Like the best gifts of Heaven, untrammel'd
and free:

The waters are free, and the lights of the skies
That girdle in beauty the bountiful earth,—
Then circle thy love, like a bow let it rise,
Though its centre remain in the land of thy
birth.

Love thou the land which thou callest thy home,
But hold not the hill or the vale but to be
A path for some peace-freighted blessing to
come,
Though it be for the present unknown unto
thee.
Then oh ! let the force of thy faith-cherish'd
love
Give strength to the wings by thy spirit
unfurl'd :
The lark loves its nest, but it soars far above—
Let the bound of thy love be the bound of
the world !

LET US HOLD THE LOVE OF
GLORY.

LET us hold the love of glory,
Let us hold the love of fame,
When it springs from strife and anguish,
As a brand-mark and a shame:
Where it bringeth death and famine
In the homes where plenty stood—
When the vales are dim with battle,
And the vineyards reek with blood!

Let us hold the love of glory
As an old-world worn-out thought,
When we know its tinsel triumphs
With another's grief is bought;
Let us hope we're somewhat wiser
Than our fathers were of yore,
And in brute-force conquest only
Let us find a fame no more!

Let us hold a love of glory
Worthy, when the spirit high
Beateth, with fit emulation,
For the fame that cannot die ;
For the ages yet unfolded,
In the glory of their youth,
They will judge us by their standard,
And their gauge will be THE TRUTH !

Let us hold the love of glory,
Not alone in worldly mood,
But by love's pure dictates guided,
Move thou ever doing good—
Staying suffering, strife, and warfare :
Then, as but thy rightful claim,
We shall hold the love of glory,
We shall hold the love of fame !

III.

A MIGHTY SPIRIT THROUGH THE
LAND.

A mighty spirit through the land
Is moving to and fro ;

He bids the human heart expand,
The tide of love to flow.
The fame of carnage and of war
Is broken by his breath :
" There is a glory greater far,"
This mighty spirit saith.

Then let us speed, by word and deed, where-
ever he may go,
This mighty spirit, through the land, moving
to and fro !

His steps are seen where sweeps the plough,
And where the loaded wain
Bears o'er the mead ripe harvest now,
That once was battle plain ;
And where the herdsman's voice at morn
The mountain echo thrills ;
Or maidens call, with rustic horn,
The kine from off the hills.

Then let us speed, by word and deed, where-
ever he may go,
This mighty spirit, through the land, moving
to and fro !

His footsteps print the city way,
Where men together meet,
And converse hold, how best to stay
The world's blood-stained cheat :
For, if war-glory will not hold
By words of faith they preach,
'Twere better far the truth unfold,
And purer glories teach.

Then let us speed, by word and deed, where-
ever he may go,
This mighty spirit, through the land, moving
to and fro !

And still he moveth to and fro,
And speeds that moment bright,
When all the wide world o'er shall show
The presence of his light.
Then let us help, with hearts and hands,
His progress to increase,
In every soul, throughout all lands,
This mighty spirit—PEACE !

Then let us speed, by word and deed, where-
ever he may go,
This mighty spirit, through the land, moving
to and fro !

IV.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Love one another ! Let thy spirit listen
Unto the beauty of this precept true,
And life's tide, as a sun-lit stream, will glisten,
And flowers of joy its winding paths imbue.
The ways of men would echo loud no longer
With tones of grief that war and strife prolong;
And love's sweet voice, by peace, would grow
the stronger,
'Till earth were girdled with a zone of song;
One-half the want, the poverty, the grieving,
For which old Time each passing age will
chide,
Would be erased if we would hold, believing,
"LOVE ONE ANOTHER," as the hearts true
guide.

Love one another !—To the trusting spirit,
How small the sacrifice to serve such shrine !

For faith alone, that earnest minds inherit,
Upholds this precept of the heart divine.
What hours of woe, what deeds of pain and
anguish,
Would come not, were this recognised and
known !
What dark contentions soon would pale and
languish,
Before the sunbeam by this teaching shown !
Then mind would triumph ; then the sway of
reason,
Guided by faith, would through the world
impart
These words—as watchwords for all time and
season—
“LOVE ONE ANOTHER,” to each human heart !

TAKE EACH HAND IN FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis an honest love to love the land
 Our mother's step hath hallow'd made,
 For love each haunt, with truthful hand,
 In light enduring hath array'd :
 But, loving thus our native isle,
 Have we no share to give another,
 And, casting off our earthly guile,
 In every stranger own a brother ?
 Let's take each hand in friendship ever,—
 For why should colour, clime, or name,
 Opinion, creed, or language, sever
 Warm hearts that beat with life the same!

The black-man toiling 'mong the canes,
 He hears the doctrine that ye tell ;
 The red-skin o'er the western plains,
 He listens to your words as well :
 And much they wonder at the kind
 Unselfish precepts that ye give—

But marvel more to know and find
So different's the way ye live.

Then take each hand in friendship ever—
For why should colour, clime, or name,
Opinion, creed, or language, sever
Warm hearts that beat with life the same!

The wild man feels his simple life,
Though full of wrong and much transgression,
Is with the love ye preach more rife
Than yours, with all your loud profession.
He sees, in savageness refined,
Ye bear strong anguish through the earth,
To overcome and crush your kind,
And much he doubts your preaching's worth.
Come, take each hand in friendship ever—
For why should colour, clime, or name,
Opinion, creed, or language, sever
Warm hearts that beat with life the same!

The faithful heart has love for all,
And Good is yet but in its youth—
Who would not aid to break the thrall
That binds it from immortal Truth?

To aid by deeds that will not fling
Poor Truth about a way-worn rover,
But, throning her in hearts, will bring
More happiness the wide world over !
Then take each hand in friendship ever—
For why should colour, clime, or name,
Opinion, creed, or language, sever
Warm hearts that beat with life the same !

VI.

THE RIVER OF PEACE.

THE way of Peace is a mighty river,
Whose tide, whate'er oppose,
Will be delayed in its path oh ! never,
But will float on, spreading, expanding ever,
Rejoicing as it flows !

Great cities rise on its margin lands,
Rich corn-fields grace its side,
And Commerce her pinion-sail expands
On its world-engirdling tide ;

Fair Truth rejoices along its way,
For its proveth the word she tells ;
And the weeds of the world are swept away
Wherever its water swells.

Lov'd Freedoms spirit through Truth attains
A dwelling beside its flood ;
And Fame on its shore builds purer fanes
Where her shrines polluted stood ;
Brave Faith and Hope by its waves encamp,
And mirror their smiles in its tide ;
And the palm trees that feed sweet Charity's
lamp
In beauty adorn its side.

The world may uprear, in this river's way,
Its mountain of strife and ill ;
It may cross and endeavour its path to stay—
It will live in its beauty still !
Like quicksilver crush'd and rent apart,
It will join and rejoin again ;
And, threading its way through the human heart,
Its force in the land retain.

It shall sweep the weeds of the world away
To Oblivion's night-like shore ;
And the fables that baffled man's heart astray
Shall vanish its tide before :
Young Science, and Art, and Song shall raise
By its waters a lofty shrine ;
And Truth shall exult in its thousand ways,
For its fount is in love divine.

Oh ! the way of Peace is a mighty river,
Whose tide, whate'er oppose,
Shall be delayed in its path, oh ! never,
But shall float on, spreading, expanding ever,
Rejoicing as it flows !

VII.

THERE IS SOMETHING YE MAY DO.

BRETHREN, in this life's existence,
Though but humble be your parts,
Let not fear upbuild resistance
To the dictates of your hearts :
Fear of ridicule and scorning,
Of oppression's thralling band ;
For a better time is dawning,
Brighter moments are at hand !
Come they fast, or come they slowly,
It depends alone on you :
If ye are but somewhat lowly,
There is something ye may do !

Something, while one tithe of grieving
Through the land its shadow casts,
While one burden wants relieving,
While one hungry being fasts,

While there is one spirit striving
Truth's progression to resist,
Or a varnish'd cheat is living,
Or a blazon'd wrong exist ;
Single hands would move but slowly,
Many are begot of few,
Though ye are but somewhat lowly,
There is something ye may do !

Something, while your kind is willing—
While they robe fair Truth in shame,—
To find themes in wholesale killing
For the trumpet voice of Fame !
Waves combined create an ocean,
Forests are but single leaves,
Gather'd winds a tempest's motion,
Single ears make harvest sheaves ;
Thus each deed shall prove—though slowly
Time may give its work to view,—
How, in fellowship, though lowly,
There is something ye may do !

Every little act is telling
In the giant scale of Time,

And, however small, is swelling
 High each bulwark against crime.
Every truthful deed is tending,
 In its moving, still, to prove
The all-linking, all-defending,
 Power and majesty of Love !
Speed ye, then ! and let the holy
 Zeal for right each deed imbue,
Ye shall be, however lowly,
 Working good in what ye do !

THE END.

